

8 **ETERNITY**
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**EX-MUTANTS
UNIVERSE
ANTHOLOGY**

SHATTERED EARTH™



SHATTERED EARTH

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Grigni

AMERICA REBORN

Novick, Carruthers & Pallot

EXTENSION UNIT FOUR

Tobin & Hester

Valentino

Cover Illustration

Marcus David

Cover Coloring

Jim Chadwick

Logo Design

Dave Olbrich

Publisher

Chris Ulm

Editor-In-Chief

Mickie Villa

Editorial Assistant

Tom Mason

Creative Director



On May 3rd, 1995 the world as we know it ended in an orgy of flame and disease as each nation emptied their stockpiles of atomic and biological weapons at their neighbors. Now, thirty years later, mutated survivors of this final war scratch a meager existence from their surroundings. Some, like the *Ex-Mutants*, are actively trying to reclaim the world for humans. Others, like the *New Humans*, are trying to restore the old world. And still others, like the *Wild Knights*, are content with mere survival.

But what about the rest of the world? What other civilizations and heroes are springing up in the shadow of World War Three? What other menaces confront the remaining humans in the *Ex-Mutants Universe*?

SHATTERED EARTH #8

July 1989

Published monthly by Eternity Comics, a division of Malibu Graphics, Inc., 1355 Lawrence Drive #212, Newbury Park, CA 91320. 805/499-3015.

\$1.95/\$2.50 in Canada.

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YOU NEED TO
STAY ALERT IN
THIS WORLD.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GRIGNI
LETTERED BY DEBBIE BURCHAM

I DIDN'T HEAR
THE TOWN FLUNKIES
SURROUNDING
ME UNTIL IT WAS
TOO LATE...

MY CURRENT
SITUATION
IS A GOOD
REASON WHY.

...AND DAYS WITHOUT SLEEP
OR FOOD LEFT ME IN NO
CONDITION TO FIGHT BACK.
I WAS AS GOOD AS DEAD.

IF YOUR
SUPPLIES
CAME FROM
OUR TOWN,
YOU'LL
HANG.

NO
STEAL
FOUND.

HE'S
JUST SOME
IDIOT. WE'LL
TAKE HIM TO
TOMRICK.

AS USUAL, MY APPEARANCE AND
SPEECH IMPEDIMENT CONVINCED
THEM I WAS UNINTELLIGENT.
AS USUAL, I ALLOWED THEM
THIS MISCONCEPTION.

TOMRICK WAS A FAT
SLUG WHO LED THE
TOWN BY HIS CONTROL
OF THE FOOD IN THE
CANNERY.

WE DON'T
TAKE KINDLY
TO THIEVES
IN THESE
PARTS.

DARL
NO THIEF.
WARRIOR.

WE'LL
JUST SO
HAPPENS WE
HAVE NEED
OF A
WARRIOR.

THEN HE TOLD
ME ABOUT A
'WIZARD' WHO
HAD FLED TOWN
SOME YEARS
BACK.

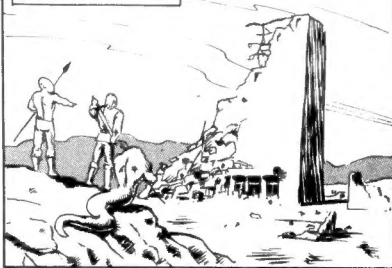
APPARENTLY HE HAD
THE ABILITY TO CREATE
FOOD, AND SELFISHLY
HORDDED IT IN HIS
TOWER, AN OLD LIBRARY
IN WHAT USED TO BE
A UNIVERSITY.

TOMRICK WANTED ME TO KILL THE WIZARD AND RETRIEVE HIS FOOD.



THE WIZARD HAS KILLED EVERYONE ELSE WHO TRIED.

I SOON FOUND MYSELF AT THE WIZARD'S TOWER, WITH ONLY MY SWORD ON MY BACK AND A 'LAST MEAL' IN MY STOMACH, FACING CERTAIN DEATH.



MY ONLY REAL CHANCE WILL BE TO SNEAK UP ON HIM UNAWARES.



I AM THE WIZARD OF THE TOWER!



LEAVE NOW OR BE DESTROYED!

THAT VOICE! IT'S COMING FROM EVERYWHERE!

THAT MUST BE A 'SPEAKER SYSTEM'.

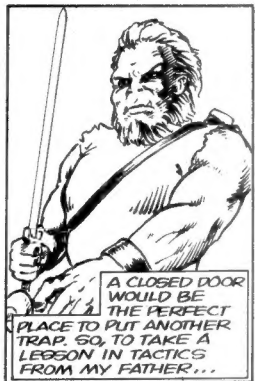


IF HE'S USING SUCH A THING, THEN IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME HE ISN'T IN HERE.



DAMN THAT WAS CLOSE! STUPID OF ME NOT TO THINK THE WIZARD MIGHT HAVE REMOTE DEFENSES.

STILL, IF HE'S SUCH A POWERFUL WIZARD, WHY RELY ON SUCH A JURY-RIGGED DEVICE?



A CLOSED DOOR WOULD BE THE PERFECT PLACE TO PUT ANOTHER TRAP. SO, TO TAKE A LESSON IN TACTICS FROM MY FATHER...



...TURN THE SITUATION AROUND!





IT IS POINTLESS, YOU KNOW. YOU WILL DIE.

NOT DEAD. KILL YOU NOW.

HIS VOICE IS NORMAL NOW, HE MUST BE RIGHT ABOVE ME.

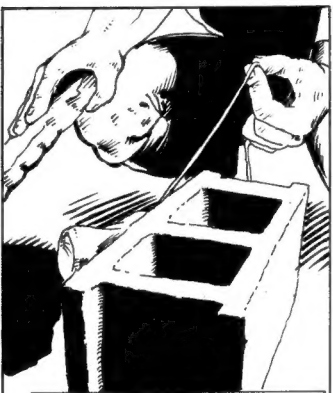


HMMM.



DAMN!

SNAP!

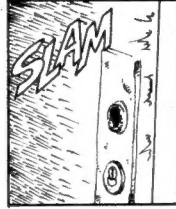
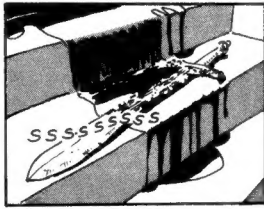
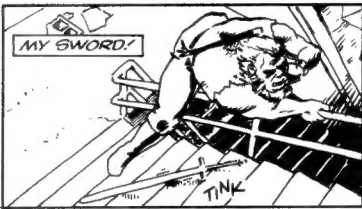


PATIENCE, PATIENCE. I WONDER WHAT THIS ODD CONTRIVANCE COULD HAVE DONE.



SO HE INTENDED TO PULL THIS THING OUT OF THIS SPHERE.

PERHAPS THIS IS A GRENADE. IF IT IS, THE ODDS HAVE JUST BECOME EVEN.





INCREDIBLE! THE RUMORS WERE TRUE! HE HAS DISCOVERED HOW TO MAKE FOOD!

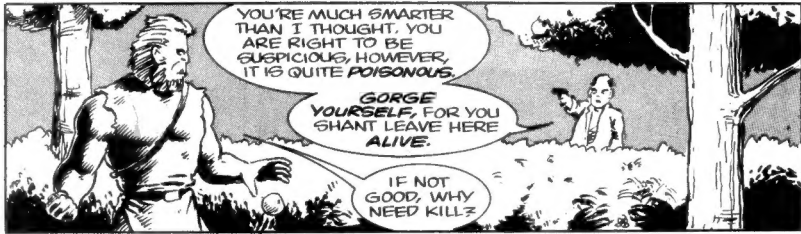
HOW EVIL COULD A MAN BE TO HOLD THIS BACK FROM THE WORLD!



GO AHEAD, YOU'VE WON YOUR WAY THROUGH. YOU MUST BE INCREDIBLY HUNGRY.



YOU HESITATE?



YOU'RE MUCH SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT. YOU ARE RIGHT TO BE SUSPICIOUS, HOWEVER, IT IS QUITE POISONOUS.

GORGE YOURSELF, FOR YOU SHANT LEAVE HERE ALIVE.

IF NOT GOOD, WHY NEED KILL?



THE FIRST MEN TOMRICK SENT UP HERE BARGED IN AND IGNORED MY WARNINGS. I FIRED ON THEM IN SELF DEFENSE, BUT THEY HAD ALREADY EATEN MOST OF MY CROP. BACK THEN I DIDN'T HAVE A TENTH OF WHAT I HAVE NOW.



THE SETBACK TO MY EXPERIMENTS WAS ENORMOUS. ONE OF THEM RETURNED BEFORE THE POISONS KILLED HIM, AND NOW I GET ALMOST NO REST FROM THOSE HUNGRY IDIOTS.



I KNOW THAT'S A GUN HE'S HOLDING. I NEED TO KEEP HIM TALKING, AND GET HIS GUARD DOWN.

'SPERIMENZ?

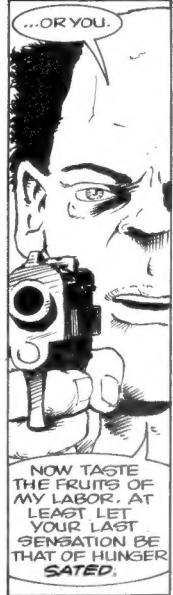


YES! I'VE BEEN BREEDING THESE PLANTS WITH THE HOPE OF GETTING EDIBLE FRUITS OUT OF THEM; JUST THINK OF IT! FOOD FOR THE TAKING, JUST BY STRETCHING OUT YOUR HAND! WITH THE RESTART OF PLANT LIFE, ANIMAL LIFE WILL RETURN, AND EVENTUALLY THE SCARS OF DEVASTATION WILL BE WIPED FROM THE LAND.

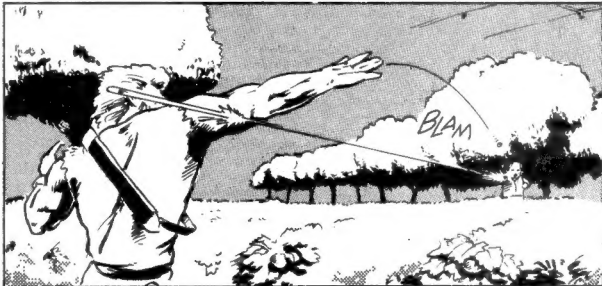
POISON!

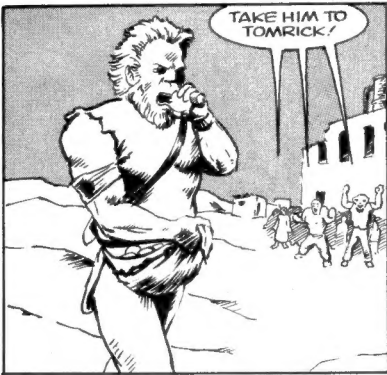
NO! HOW DO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN FEEDING MYSELF? I'VE HAD SOME SUCCESS WITH FRUIT BEARING TREES, LIKE THE APPLE TREE, WHICH I'VE EVEN GOTTEN TO TAKE ROOT IN THE BARREN SOIL OF OUR BLASTED LAND. SOON MY DREAM WILL BE FULFILLED, TILL THEN I CANNOT RISK INTERFERENCE FROM THE LIKES OF TOMRICK...

...OR YOU.

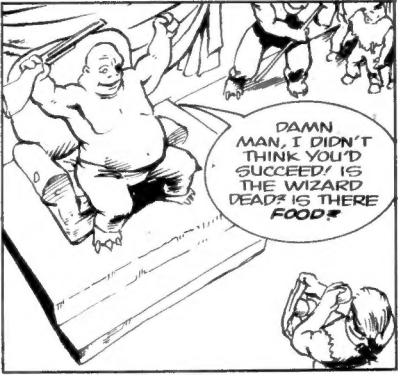


NOW TASTE THE FRUITS OF MY LABOR. AT LEAST LET YOUR LAST SENSATION BE THAT OF HUNGER SATIATED.





TAKE HIM TO TOMRICK!



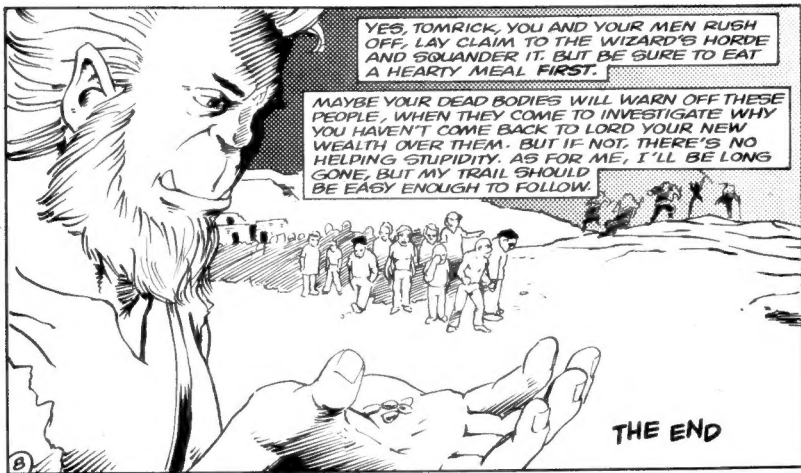
DAMN MAN, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D SUCCEED! IS THE WIZARD DEAD? IS THERE FOOD?



DEAD. GOOD FOOD. NO CURSE.



LISSEN UP PEOPLE! ME AN MY MEN ARE GOIN' TO, UH, MAKE SURE THE TOWER'S SAFE. YOU MAKE SURE DARL GETS A BAG OF FOOD AND ONE OF MY BEST SWORDS.



YES, TOMRICK, YOU AND YOUR MEN RUSH OFF, LAY CLAIM TO THE WIZARD'S HORDE AND SQUANDER IT. BUT BE SURE TO EAT A HEARTY MEAL FIRST.

MAYBE YOUR DEAD BODIES WILL WARN OFF THESE PEOPLE, WHEN THEY COME TO INVESTIGATE WHY YOU HAVEN'T COME BACK TO LORD YOUR NEW WEALTH OVER THEM. BUT IF NOT, THERE'S NO HELPING STUPIDITY. AS FOR ME, I'LL BE LONG GONE, BUT MY TRAIL SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO FOLLOW.

THE END

OH SAY CAN YOU SEE BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT...

DEFENSE PERIMETER
BREACHED LIFE FORMS
DETECTED EVALUATE...

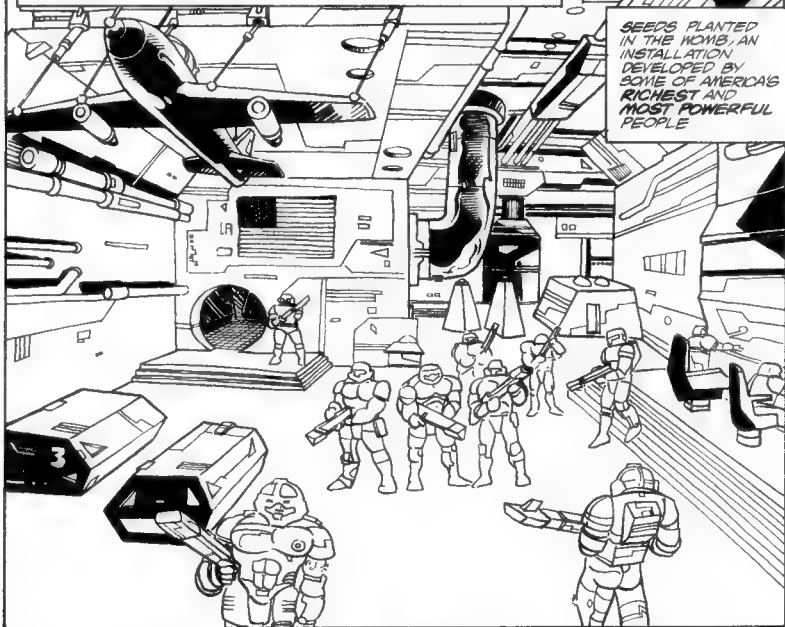
UNABLE TO REFERENCE LIFE-
FORMS SCANNED EXTRAPOLATE...

GENETIC STRUCTURE
UNKNOWN. HUMANOID AND
INSECT DNA PRESENT.
INITIATE DEFENSE
PROCEDURES

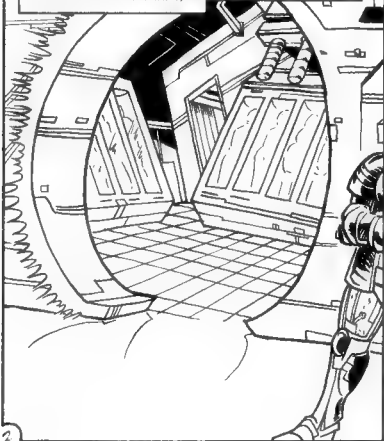
THE NEW ARMY, CREATED IN THE
WANING DAYS OF CIVILIZATION TO
PROTECT THE SEEDS OF A NEW
AMERICA.

WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAIL AT THE TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING...

SEEDS PLANTED
IN THE WOMB, AN
INSTALLATION
DEVELOPED BY
SOME OF AMERICA'S
RICHEST AND
MOST POWERFUL
PEOPLE



PEOPLE WHO HAD HOPED TO ESCAPE
THE IMPENDING WAR BY **SLEEPING**
THE TERROR AWAY



PEOPLE LIKE...



SENATOR DREW
CANNON, WHO
SAW THE END
APPROACHING
AND CONCEIVED
OF THE WOMB
PROJECT

MS SARAH
GIVENS, WHOSE
WEALTH AND
CHARMS HAD
BOUGHT HER
A PLACE IN
THE WOMB.

AND STEVEN
DUNN, WHOM
MS. GIVENS
BROUGHT
ALONG TO
"PROTECT" HER
"INTERESTS".

JUST TO NAME A FEW

WHOSE BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS.

ESTIMATE ONE MINUTE
UNTIL OUTER DOOR BREACH.

NEW ARMY INTO
POSITION

THIRTY
SECONDS...

FIFTEEN
SECONDS...

ALERT

FIVE SECONDS

TEN SECONDS...

THROUGH THE PERILOUS FIGHT.

AND THE ROCKETS' RED GLARE.

AMERICA REBORN

SCRIPT - JERRY NOVICK / PENCILS - SANDY CARRUTHERS / INKS - TERRY PALLOT



O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCHED WERE SO GALLANTLY STREAMING.

THE BOMBS BURSTING IN AIR.

GAVE PROOF THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE ..

AMERICA...

CONCEALED BY THE
DISCONTENTED MASSES
OF EUROPE, SHE EARNED
HER NATIONHOOD WITH
BRAVERY (AND BLOOD).

AMERICA...

A LEADER IN THE
WORLD COMMUNITY
FOR MOST OF HER
HISTORY, SHE FORGED
HER THRONE WITH
INGENUITY (AND BLOOD).

BUT WHEN SHE DIED, SHE
DIED NEITHER BRAVELY
NOR INGENUOUSLY, SITTING
IN A PUDDLE OF HER
OWN BLOOD.

OH SAY DOES THAT STAR-SPANGLED BANNER YET WAVE...

DEATH AND BIRTH, HOWEVER, FORM AN EVER-REPEATING CYCLE...



YOU REALLY CAN'T HAVE ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER.



THE DEATH OF THESE MUTANTS...



FOR THE LIFE OF A NEW AMERICA.



LIKE MOST OF AMERICA'S HISTORY WHICH PRECEDED THIS DAY.



THE DEATH OF THE PAST GIVES BIRTH TO THE FUTURE.

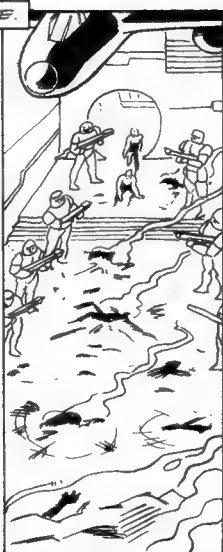
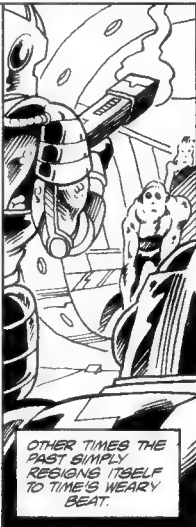


FOR THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.

SOMETIMES THE PAST LOOKS AT
THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE
AND IN FEAR REFUSES TO DIE.



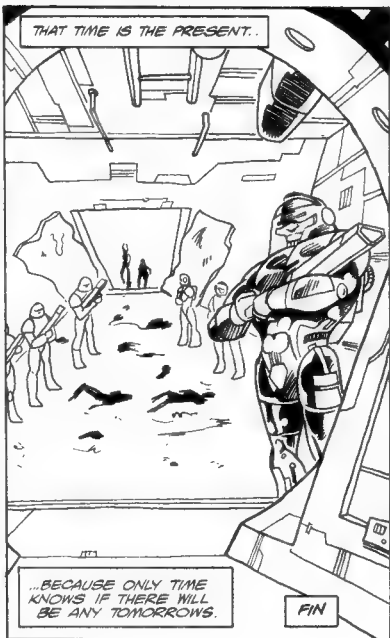
OTHER TIMES THE
PAST SIMPLY
REIGNS ITSELF
TO TIME'S WEARY
BEAT.



THERE IS A TIME, HOWEVER, WHEN THE
FUTURE MUST PAY ITS DEBTS TO
THE PAST

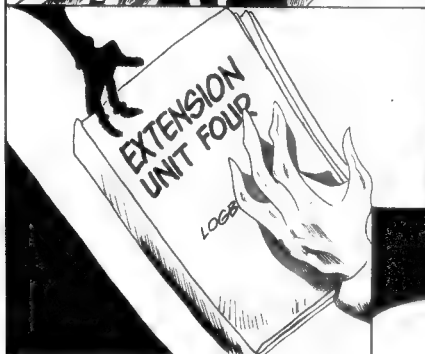


THAT TIME IS THE PRESENT..



...BECAUSE ONLY TIME
KNOWS IF THERE WILL
BE ANY TOMORROWS.

FIN



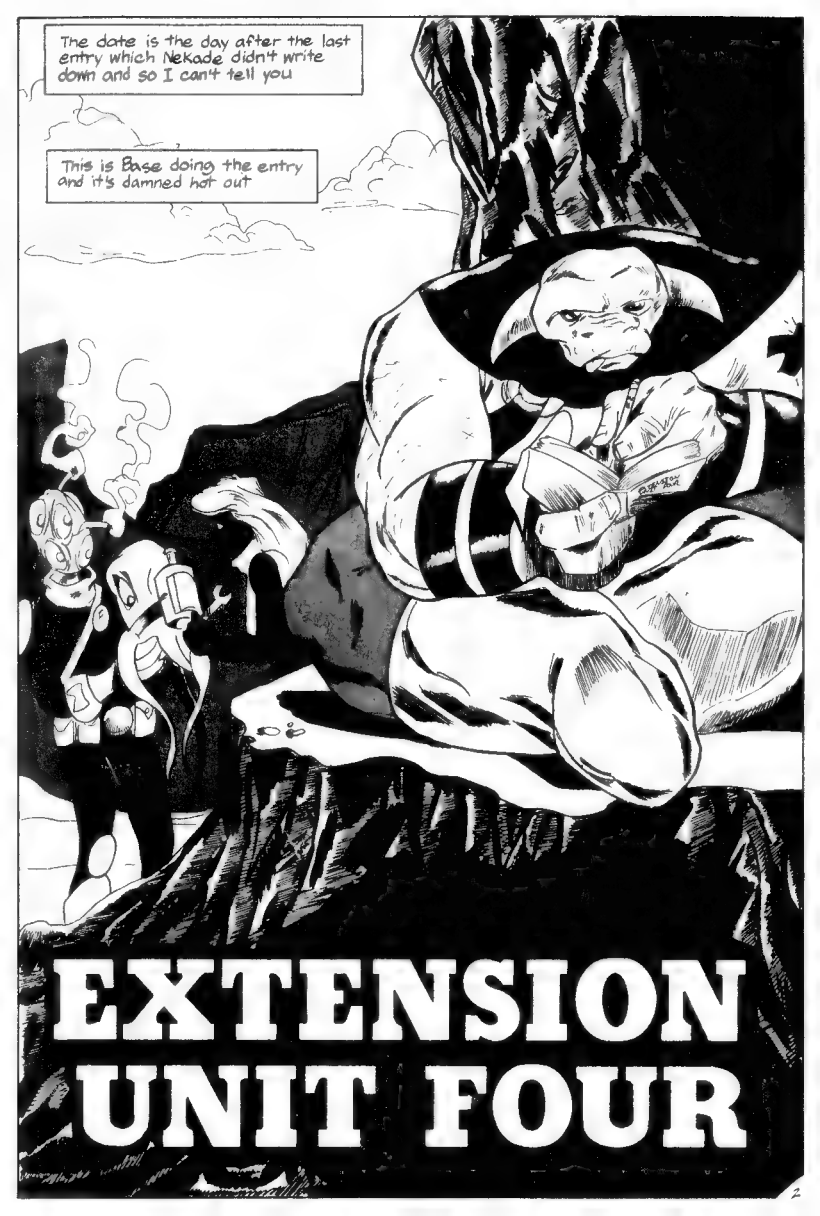
E. PAUL TOBIN
WRITER/INKS

PHILLIP HESTER
PENCILS

CLEM ROBINS
LETTERER

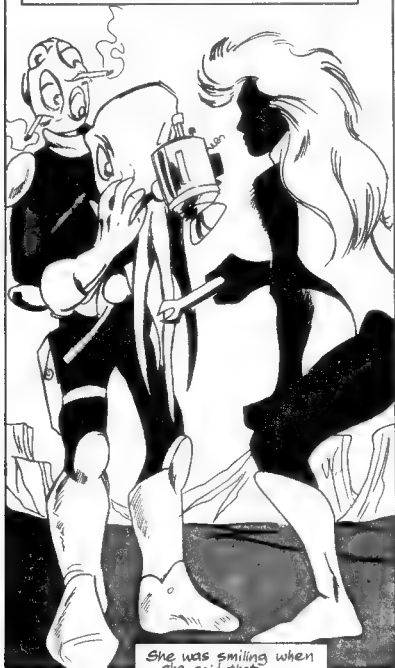
The date is the day after the last entry which Nekade didn't write down and so I can't tell you

This is Base doing the entry and it's damned hot out



EXTENSION UNIT FOUR

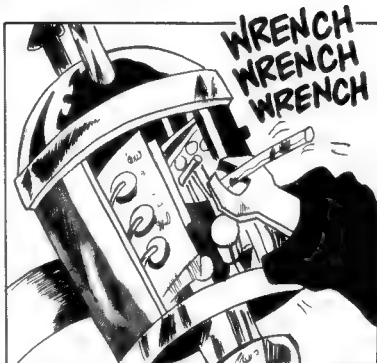
Nekade said that she has to repair Leopold's jetpack and told me to do this.



She was smiling when she said that

Just as well I suppose

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF



We both know she is not exactly mechanically inclined



And we both know she hates making reports

FLING!



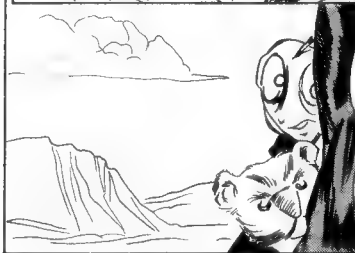
Not quite nap time anyway



As reported yesterday I was shot by a sniper but the wound is healing nicely.



Nekade hoked it clean and bandaged it up.



I enjoyed it actually.



Maybe I'll get shot more often.

OoOoo! My head!

The pain! THE PAIN!



That woman is truly beautiful

AAAAHHH!

OOOPS



Even if regulations didn't call for it, I think I'd die for her.

Except Spud.



Maybe all this is just my tender side showing through

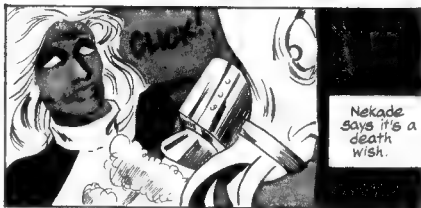


Well, really I think I'd die for just about anyone, even a fellow

SORRY.



CLUCK!



Nekade says it's a death wish.

Maybe she's right



So damn hot maybe dying just wouldn't be all that bad.



Last time I told Nekade it was hot she just said "So?", which I think was a lot more aggravating than she meant it to be.



Don't know how she can stand it. She's a lot more active and she's even got fur. Course, she's got sweat glands too.



Li is becoming more proficient with the laser rifle we took from the sniper.

He shot Ted though.



It was kind of funny. No real damage, but they're not speaking.

I'll kill you!



Ted has even expressed an interest in firing the rifle himself.

I'd like a bigger entry book and a much bigger pencil. This is a toy.

Frustrating. Hard to concentrate when it's this hot out.





THE SHATTERED EARTH CHRONICLE

VOLUME I ISSUE 6

KINGSPYDER'S NOTEBOOK



Characters from this story appeared in Shattered Earth #1 and appear next in Shattered Earth #9.

EXTENSION UNIT FOUR

King Spyder

